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THE FRENCH CONVERT.

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TEWKESBURY:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retale. Likewise the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation, that are advertised in the weekly Papers.

THE
FRENCH CONVERT.



OF all the transactions that ever was done,
Of the Popish Religion under the bright sun,
The saddest story I have got to relate,
Which shews noble blood often suffers by fate.

For instance now of a great lord I shall write,
Born in Germany, and he took delight
To be in the wars where hundreds were slain,
And by his bold courage great honour did gain.

It happened one time this lord fixt his eye,
Upon a great lady that passed him by :
Her birth being equal with his as we find,
This noble young couple in marriage were join'd.

At home with his lady the winter he staid,
The spring being come unto her he said,
I am now required to the wars to go,
At which news his ladies fair eyes did flow.

She said, my lord, will you go from me,
To the field of battle where thousands slain be ;
I fear my dear Lord will be slain in the field,
At which news my heart with grief will be fill'd.

He said do not grieve, for go I now must ;
We keep two old Jesuits ; I'll leave them in trust,
To guard your fair body, but I hope my dear,
To be at home with you in half a year.

He kiss'd his fair lady, and bid her good-bye ;
Her Lord being gone, the fair lady did cry.
Since he's gone from me, Oh ! what shall I do ?
There's nought but confusion appears in my view.

This noble great lord being gone away,
She having a garden delightful and gay;
There for diversion she often would walk,
And with her own gardener familiarly talk.

Concerning the flowers and herbs in each kind,
His wise prudent answers well pleased her mind:
But as she the garden one day walked round,
In a private sweet bower the gardener she found.

Reading the bible a protestant book,
She being a Roman of him notice took,
And said to him, Barnet, O fie upon thee;
Come give me that book, for it burned shall be.

He said noble lady, O do not talk so:
My full resolution of it you shall know,
E'er I'll give this book to be burned, first I
Will my body resign to the flames and so die.

He argued the case with his lady so wise,
He read her such scriptures, (with tears in her eyes)
She cry'd like Agrippa, I say to thee now,
By thee I am almost converted,-I vow.

To talk any longer with thee I'll not stay;
The charge I leave with thee, be sure to obey;
Draw me out a paper of these things at large,
And bring it unto me with speed I thee charge.

And unto her chamber with speed she retir'd,
He soon wrote the paper, the which she requir'd:
And unto her chamber himself it did bear,
It well was accepted by this lady fair.

Those Jesuits observ'd their lady to flinch
From her Roman duty, which made them to think,
That Barnet the gardener with her had been naught,
That some new religion by him she'd been taught.

Unknown to each other these Jesuits, we find,
This lady's defilement by them was design'd,
This they both attempted, the which were deny'd,
And with modest blushes, to them she reply'd.

Two pretty shepherds the Lords flock to view,
Suppose I was so wanton, to act it with you:

Could you for shame do it? One said, yes, I hope,
And get you a pardon when done from the Pope.

If that's your religion, she cry'd I am sure,
If I live to see my dear Lord any more,
He shall send you packing and in the mean while,
Come no more near me, ye sinners, so vile.

Come, mark good people, to hear soon you may,
As she sat perusing this paper, one day
Alone in her chamber,—a Jesuit came near,
Who by violence took it from this lady fair.

And reading the paper found the gardener,
By his instigation had converted her;
Which made the cl^tl Jesuits in malice to frown,
With threatening words from the lady went down,

These pastors said little, but much they thought,
To destroy the poor gardener they privately sought,
And as he lay sleeping poor man in the night,
Fast up in the blankets they sew'd him for spite,

And by two old Russians they sent him away,
Their strict orders were to drown him in the sea;
But finding a ship that was bound to Tangier,
For a slave then they sold this gardener, we hear,—

To very hard labour he then was confin'd:
The Captain came home and left him behind;
Concerning this gardener, he was haunted so,
By tormenting dreams, that for him he did go.

He founⁱ the task-master by him ill had done,
He lash'd him so much, which made the blood run,
Which griev'd the captain to his very soul,
Who did with great pity his sorrows condole.

The lord did release him, and said, poor man,
To keep thee in safety I'll do what I can:
And home to his house he the gardener convey'd,
Who converted him and his wife, as 'tis said,

Now there I will leave him to smile and to mourn,
And unto his lady in the next part I'll come,
Whose lord had left her to the charge and care,
Of two wicked Jesuits who to ensnare

The chaste prudent lady as I understand,
They counterfeited her great lord's noble hand,
Two men brought this letter and looking it o'er,
This lady she sigh'd and wept full sore.

These were the contents. "Dear loving lady,
Things have run cross since you parted from me;
I am deeply wounded, which will cost me my life,
As I am your husband with speed come dear wife."

These men were two ruffians and one did pretend
To be his lords captain, and said he was sent
With his man to fetch her; and if it be so
You have any love for him, with speed let us go.

Behind this young captain she hurried away,
Riding through a wood these ruffians did say,
We understand lady, you are turn'd protestant,
For which to kill you we hither are sent.

To hear these expressions she trembling said,
Was ever poor lady so basely betray'd?
By two wicked Jesuits who were leit in trust,
To shield me but through them be murder'd I must.

These base wicked men that were to kill her there,
Observing this lady most comely and fair,
Before they compell'd her in sorrow to die,
Were fully resolved with her to lie.

And as like a martyr she trembling stood,
Expecting to suffer by them in the wood,
Between these two Ruffians sad difference arose,
Who first should defile her and then went to blows.

Each drew his sword and to fighting they went,
To see this sharp duel her heart did lament;
They fought so long, while the blood it run down,
Which laid them panting for breath on the ground.

To see this sharp work she trembled for fear,
Not knowing what course in this world to steer,
At last she resolv'd her escape to make,
And through the great wood a journey to take.

In the evening-tide to a great cave she came,
Where for a night's lodging this unhappy dame,

Of it took possession, and in the morning
Her heart was reviv'd when she heard the birds sing.

Two months in this cave she remained indeed,
And upon wild food she daily did feed ;
She every night in this cave did lie,
And daily she drank of the spring that run by.

At last this fair lady she chanced to hear,
The barking of dogs and it seem'd very near :
Soon to her great joy there appeared in view,
A little old man that had dogs with him two.

To see this fair lady alone in the wood
This grave aged father amazed he stood ;
And said comely creature, why here all alone ?
So account of her sorrows to him she made known.

Alas ! poor lady, he said come with me,
To my habitation, and there you shall be,
As well entertain'd as if my own child,
At which invitation the lady she smil'd.

When come to the cottage, the lady went in,
And saw the old wife who sat there and did spin ;
Who receiv'd her gladly, and to cheer up her heart
They provided a dinner, and gave her part.

They to an apartment this lady convey'd,
And there on some coarse bed this lady was laid :
The door being lock'd having off her cloaths,
It startled the lady and made her suppose.

For the sake of her jewels, her diamonds & gold,
Her dear precious life to them must be sold.
But she saw by the bible they were Huguenots,
Who for their religion were put to the flight.

On this she laid her, contented to sleep,
They two here the lady in safety did keep,
Now there I will leave her to smile and not mourn,
And to her Lord in next part I will turn.

When this lord came home, and his lady did miss
His heart it was troubled.—When he found this,
He ask'd for his lady : the Jesuits replied,
She has chang'd her religion, and stepp'd aside,

This lord with his man rode the country round,
To see if his lady could but be found :
But as he was riding, he happen'd to see
Two men that for murder hanged must be.

These were the two men carry'd the lady away,
Designing to kill her ; the men did say,
My lord, have you found your great lady and wife ?
The lord said I cannot find her for my life.

The criminals said we do think in our mind,
Look in such a wood, and there you'll her find,
The lord thanked him, and away he did ride,
And searching the wood the cave he espy'd.

The lord enter'd in, and found a diamond ring,
Which he gave to his lady a rich noble thing ;
Which made him cry out my spouse has been here,
I ne'er shall see her, she's murder'd I fear.

Riding the wood with his heart out of frame,
To this little cottage the noble lord came,
Where making inquiry his lady he found ;
And seeing each other with joy they were crown'd.

Account of her sorrows she told him in brief,
He said I am come then to give you relief,
To please his fair lady he turn'd protestant,
And they live together in joy and content.

He gave the old man that preserv'd her behold,
Three hundred and fifty broad pieces in gold ;
And as for the gardener that lived in pain,
He now lives in joy with his lady again.

As for the Jesuits whose lust was so hot,
We hope their barbarity will not be forgot,
I must be plain with you, their case was bad ;
The one kill'd himself, the other run mad.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
Seven Champions of Christendom
Cat-Skin
Death and the Lady
Twenty-seven Songs of Robin Hood
Poor Robin's Dream
Plymouth Tragedy; or, Susan's Overthrow
Pretty Green Coat Boy
Squire Vernon's Fox-Chace
Famous Flower of Serving Men
Wandering Prince of Troy
Choice Pennyworth of Wit
Yarmouth Tragedy
Golden Bull
Jane Shore 10 JU
Oxford Ramble
Dorsetshire Miracle
Transported Felons
Teague's Ramble
Spanish Lady's Love to an English Captain
Northern Knight's Garland

Leeds Tragedy; or, The Bloody Brother
Humours of Rag Fair
Gloucestershire Tragedy
Distrest Lady's Garland
Chevy Chace
Bloody Gardener
Berkshire Lady
Wandering Shepherd
Factor's Garland
Broken Contract
Bite upon Bite
Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green
Bristol Bridegroom; or, The Ship Carpenter
Love to the Merchant
Daughter
Anacreon's Feast
Death of Sir Andrew Barton
52 New Mad Tom
Cobler's wife's discovery
Disobedient Son and Cruel Husband
Somersetshire Tragedy
Welch Wedding
Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall
Fair Maudlin